

Hazrat Maulanā Nūr al-Dīn 'Abd al-Rahmān Muhammad Dashti RA

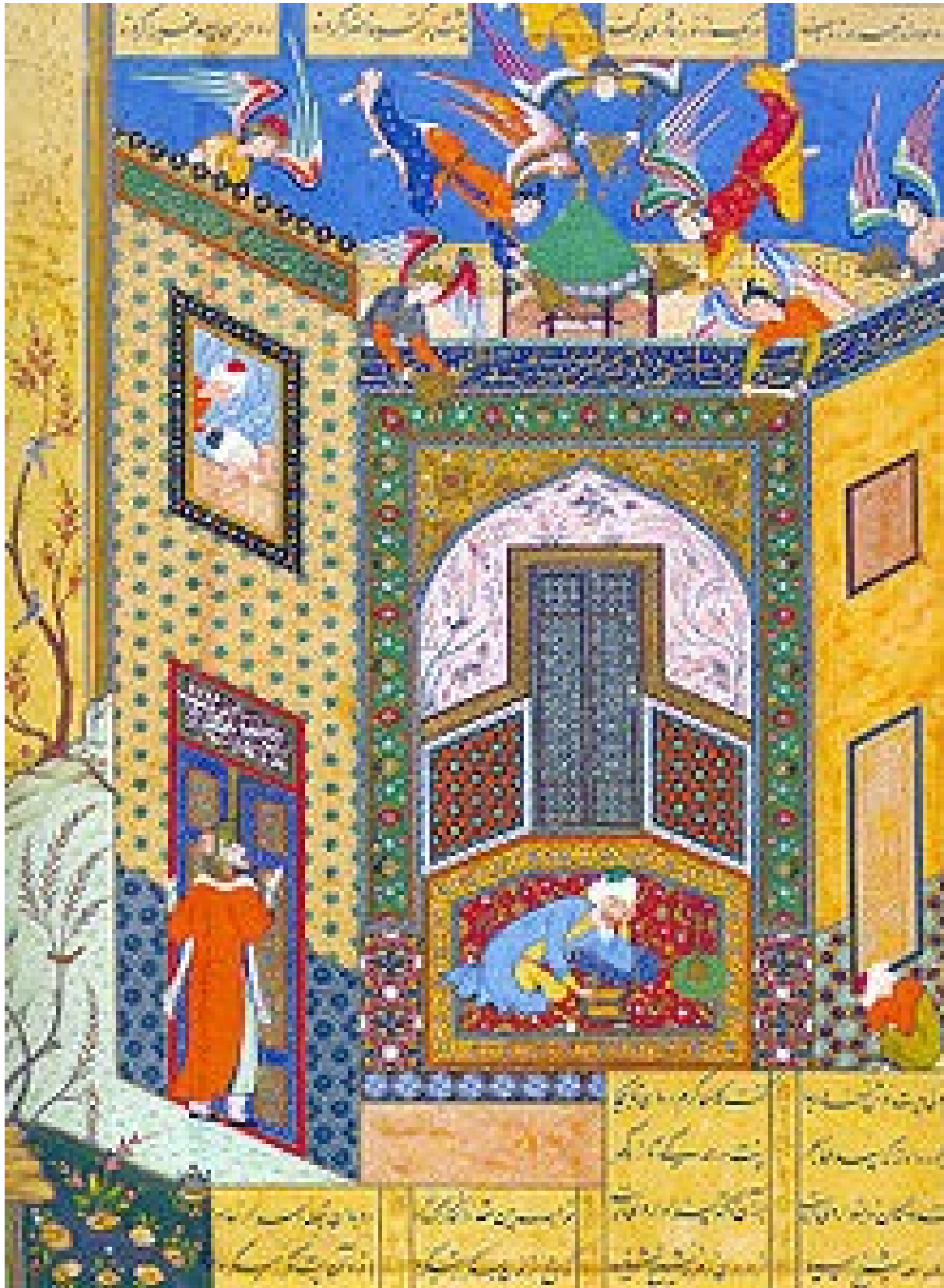


Illustration from Hazrat Jami's (RA) *Rose Garden of the Pious*, dated 1553 CE. The image blends Persian Poetry and Persian Miniature into one, as is the norm for many works of Persian literature.

Sheikh ul Hadees, Hazrat Maulana Mohammad`Zakriya Mohajir Madani RA Narrates, that after Performing Hajj, The Khwājagānī Sūfī, Hazrat Maulanā Nūr al-Dīn 'Abd al-Rahmān Muhammad Dashti RA intended to Visit Madina Munawarra and Recite a Naat Sharif that he had said.

The Holy Prophet, Upon Whom be The Peace of Allah Subhanahoo wa Ta'ala, Appeared in a Dream to The Ameer e Mecca Mo'azzama and Said That Jami is Coming To Madina, He should Be Stopped.

The Administrator Immediately Set Out and stopped the Caravan about to Leave for the City of Light, asking for Hazrat Jami RA. When he was discovered, he was taken into Custody and thrown into Jail.

The Holy Prophet, Upon Whom be The Peace of Allah Subhanahoo wa Ta'ala again Appeared to the Administrator and said, Jami is Not a Criminal to be Roughly Treated, He was to be apprehended because the state that he was in would have caused me to extend My Hand From the Tomb and Embrace Him.

Hazrat Jami RA was released and admonished to hold himself in Check before he was allowed to enter the Holy City.

He was Reciting The Following Naat Sharif, which is Roughly translated by my Humble self.

Pray excuse my Shortcomings and take it in the light of my Intention!

“The Entire Universe is in Grief at Your Departure, My Beloved Master!

Have Mercy Upon Us! Have Mercy Upon Us! O Mercy Unto all The Worlds!

When the Mercy of The Worlds is with Us, No Despondency Descends Upon The Unfortunate!

Cast Upon us The Bright Colors of Beautiful Flowers!

Step out Of The Dreams of The Narcissus and Enlighten Our Hearts!

Lift The Yemani Veil From Your Bright Visage, O Lord of The Faith!

Of Certitude! Your Face Is The Glory of The Effulgent Morning Of Life!

Pray Convert This Eve Of Gloom into The Brightness of Day!

Enlighten Our Hearts With The Display of Your Glory!

Kindly Appear With Your Scented Being, Clothed In Perfume.

Place The Camphor Scented Cloth Upon Your Noble Head.

Allow Your Sweetly Scented Ambergris Tresses to Descend Upon Your Shining Forehead!

Place The Shadow of Your Blessed Feet Upon The World of Woe!

Adorn Your Blessed Feet with The Absolution Bestowing Slippers!

The Entire Universe Has Placed Their Hearts Upon The Path Of Your Arrival!

The Floor Of The Earth Yearns to Embrace Your Blessed Footsteps!

Pray Step Out to The Courtyard Of Your Heavenly Scented Abode of Light!

Enable This Humble Devotee to Kiss Your Blessed Feet!

Extend Your Helping and Consoling Hand To The Humble One.

Support The Faltering Steps of Lost Souls, of The Brokenhearted!

Though Our Sins are as Full as Swollen Rivers, O Beloved!

We The Defeated and Ever Thirsting Supplicants, Have Come To Your Door, O Beloved!

Shower upon Us The Rain Of Your Mercy, In Accordance With Your Majestic Glory!

Bestow a Kindly Glance Upon Our Parched Lips, O Dispenser of The Fountain of Paradise!

Allow Us To Be Blessed With The Bliss of Your Kindness Bestowing Land (Taibah).

Pray Allow The Blessed Dust of Taibah to be The Collyrium and Gleaming of our Deprived Eyes!

We Who Prostrate Ourselves In Thanksgivings in The Holy Mosque of The Last Prophet.

We are The Moths That Sacrifice Themselves On The Blessed Flame of Your Illuminating Lamp.

We Cicumambulate Your Holy Presence, Our Hearts Torn Asunder by Daring To Appear Before You!

Bestow Upon Our Eyes, Bereft Of Dreams, The True Pride of Attainment!

Rain Down O Tears Upon The Blessed Reliquary of The Holy Prophet.

We Take Great Pride in Becoming The Floor Sweepers of The Holy Sepulchre!

We Clean out the Bric-à-brac of The Noble Mausoleum!

The Dust Arising From Your Court is Healing for Wounded Hearts.
Whenever Our Steps Arise to Walk towards The Pulpit of Our Master!
We Brighten Our Dark Faces By Rubbing them Upon The Places Trodden By Your Holy Feet.
When We Prostrate Ourselves, With Tears, Upon The Prayer Mats of The Holy Prophet.
We Wash The Signs of His Beloved Footsteps With the Blood of Our Hearts, Arising as Tears!
We Embrace Each Column of the Holy Mosque and Begging, Pray to Be Ever Truthful!
We Roam About With The Heart Wrenching Wounds of Your Absence!
Each Chandelier, As Its Alights, Cause Us To Lose Our Senses in their Effulgence!
Though My Sinning Body is Not in the Holy City, I Thank God That My Soul is Ever Present There!
I am Oft Defeated By My Strong Willed Lower Self,
Pray Bestow A Look Of Grace Upon This Humble One!
If Your Grace Bestowing Blessings are Not Present, Life is a Burden of No Use To Me!
My Misfortune Keeps Me Away From My Goal!
Please Pray, I Beg of You, In My Favor To The Ultimate Truth!
Say Unto The lord That When Your Judgment Descends on The Day Of Reckoning!
I should Be Safe from the all Consuming Flames of Hell!
Pray Bestow The Command Of Relief To This Wayward Supplicant!
Why Should His Pardon Not Descend Upon This Poor Destroyed and Broken Soul?
Bow Your Noble Head Before the Lord and Declaim,
“My Followers”, “My Followers” To The all Forgiving Divine!
By The Blessedness of Your noble Deeds!
Us Brigands Will be Honored With Sainthood Like Hazrat Al-Fudail Ibn ‘Iyad RA.
When We Live In The Company of Your Remembrance.
Salvation Will Surely Descend Upon Us, Jami Is Ever Hopeful!
Timur Ajizvi.



Tomb in Sarakh-e Tanki Mawlawi Herat, Afghanistan.

Hazrat Maulana Abdur Rahman Jami was Herat's greatest poet and one of the greatest Sufi poets who wrote in Persian. He was a regular at the court of Sultan Baiqara, where he composed many treatises on the soul's meditation of the divine. He Passed Away in 1492 CE and is still revered by modern Heratis, who can often quote from his greatest work, Haft Awrang (Seven Thrones), and regularly visit his Tomb. The tomb is a quiet and contemplative place, inside a modest enclosure under a pistachio tree, with a finely carved headstone. A large pole is hung with green banners and has had many nails hammered into it as prayer offerings. The tomb is visited by both men and women, who sit either side of the grave, in prayer or meditation. It's commonplace to walk around the grave and to take a pinch of earth as a blessing. There is also a small donation box here. A larger mosque stands adjacent to the grave. Both are modern, rebuilt after being severely damaged by Soviet shelling in 1984.

Because his father was from Dasht, Jami's early pen name was *Dashti*, but later, he chose to use *Jami* because of two reasons he later mentioned in a poem:

مولدم جام و رشحهء قلم
جرعهء جام شيخ الاسلامى است
لاجرم در جریدهء اشعار
به دو معنى تخلصم جامى است

My birthplace is [Jam](#), and my pen
Has drunk from (knowledge of) [Sheikh-ul-Islam \(Ahmad\) Jam](#)
Hence in the books of poetry
My pen name is Jami for these two reasons.

Hazrat Jami RA was a mentor and friend of the famous Turkic poet [Alisher Navoi](#), as evidenced by his poems:

او که یک ترک بود و من تاجیک
هر دو داشتیم خویشی نزدیک
U ki yak Turk bud va man Tajik
Hardu doshtim kheshii nazdik
Though he was a Turk, and I am Tajik,
We were close to each other

One Hot Afternoon, Hazrat Jami was resting in his Garden when a Dust Laden, Mendicant appearing Person entered into his Solitude.

Hazrat Jami RA, felt disturbed and asked rather shortly, "From Whence Have You Come?"

The No decrepit Stranger replied, from India!

Hazrat Jami RA then asked him with a superior air, Have you Heard of the Second Amir Khusrau RA, Hazrat Fazlullah Jamali Kamboh RA? Implying that he knew only Prominent People.

The Faqir Replied with the following Verse:

Mara Zay Khaak e Kooyat Pairhanee Az Bar Tun!
Ahum zey Aab e Deeda Sud Chaak Ast Ba Daman!
I am Adorned With The Dust of Your Bylanes.
These Too, Have Been Rent asunder, a Hundred Times ,
By The Tears of Mine Eyes!

Hazrat Jami RA was most repentant and Understood that this was Hazrat Fazlullah Jamali RA Himself.